

2Pac Lyrics

"Heavy In The Game"

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

[Lady Levi:]

Oh, you Thug Life is yours?
Life ain't no something you can rap with
Ooh come no ordinary game
The game no something you can rap with
Me's a player you know?
I do not, play in no game
Me just, make money, dollars.
Every time, seen?

[2Pac:]

Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin'
These busta tricks don't want no mail
They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep
But still, I get my money on major, continuously
Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me
Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen
Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]

(Game's been good to me)

Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting
For ya take dis ting for joke?
Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them
The game's been good to me)

[Richie Rich:]

(Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit)
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game
Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn?
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit
Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller
Rule number one — check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game
Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope
Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funk'd with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you
That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie
Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy
But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major
So what I reap is boss — that's why my public status is floss
Went from a, young nigga livin' residential
To a, young nigga workin' presidential

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]

(Game's been good to me)
Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good
You know that's true I'm look good every time
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)
Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat
Playing yi fucking games
Ooh, we take game, we won!
(I don't care what it did to them)
Any by now
(the game's been good to me)
All, yi haffa forget fi we won!
Everytime

[2Pac:]

I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt
My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high
No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells
Cause life is hell, and everybody dies
What about these niggas I despise
Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives
Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die
Everybody's tryin' to make the news
Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues
If you choose to apply yourself
Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]

(Game's been good to me)
Boy, ya nah bitch!
Major that's true we look good everytime
When we at Beers Diamond
And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)
And fi them frame them look good, oh no?
This whole world ya call on
Gonna mass on a face
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!
(I don't care what it did to them)
(the game's been good to me)
Flush it! Oh!
Nobody wan come test me ya know

True them we a drive pretty car
Wanna no part of any ting
And now you wan come drown a gun
But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up
We look good everytime
'Nough dollars, dollars!
Ya know about dollars, them right?
But we nah talk no shit
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words
You n who the record partner
Don't blood claat ting at, ALL

Thanks to Sean L. for correcting these lyrics.

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